533.

Part of the

SEVENTH *EPISTLE*

OF THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

HORACE

IMITATED:

AND

Addreſs'd to a NOBLE PEER.

Earl of Oxford

By Dr. Swift.

The Third Edition.

108. D. 25.

LONDON:

Printed for *A. Dodd*, at the *Peacock* without *Temple-Bar*. 1713. Price 3 *d.*

16422.10.15.3 *

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LONDON:
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Part of the SEVENTH EPISTLE OF THE First BOOK of *HORACE* IMITATED.

HARLET, the Nation's great Support,
Returning home one Day from Court,
(His Mind with Publick Cares poſſeſt,
All *Europe*'s Bus'neſs in his Breaſt)
Obſerv'd a *Parſon* near *Whitehall*,
Cheapning old Authors on a Stall.
The Prieſt was pretty well in caſe,
And ſhew'd ſome Humour in his Face;

(1) Strenuus & fortis, cauſiſque Philippus agendis
Clarus, ab officiis octavam circiter horam
Dum redit ——————
—————— (5) conſpexit, ut aiunt,
Adraſum quendam vacuâ tonſoris in umbrâ
Cultello proprios purgantem leniter ungues.

Look'd with an eaſie, careleſs Mien,
A perfect Stranger to the Spleen;
Of Size that might a Pulpit fill,
But more inclining to ſit ſtill.
MY LORD, who (if a Man may ſay't)
Loves Mirthier better than his Meat,
Was now diſpos'd to crack a Jeſt;
And bid Friend *Lewis* go in queſt,
(This *Lewis* is a Cunning Shaver,
And very much in *HARLEY*'s Favour)
In queſt, who might this Parſon be,
What was his Name, of what Degree;
If poſſible, to learn his Story,
And whether he were *Whig* or *Tory*?
Lewis his Patron's Humour knows;
Away upon his Errand goes,

(8) Demetrî (puer hic non lævè juſſa Philippi
Accipiebat) abi; quære, & refer, unde domo, quis,
Cujus fortunæ, quo ſit Patre, quove Patrono.
(15) It ——

And

And quickly did the Matter ſift,
Found out that This was Dr. *Swift*:
A Clergyman of ſpecial Note,
For ſhunning thoſe of his own Coat;
Which made his Brethren of the Gown
Take care betimes to run him down:
No Libertine, nor Over-nice,
Addicted to no ſort of Vice;
Went where he pleas'd, ſaid what he thought,
Not Rich, but ow'd no Man a Groat;
In State-Opinions *a-la Mode*,
He hated *Wharton* like a Toad;
Had giv'n the *Faction* many a Wound,
And Libell'd all the *Junta* round;
Kept Company with Men of Wit,
Who often father'd what he writ;

(1) redit & narrat, Vulteium nomine Menam,
(7) tenui cenſu, ſine crimine notum,
Et properare loco, & cenſare, & quærere, & uti
Gaudentem ———

His

His Works were hawk'd in ev'ry Street,
But ſeldom roſe above a Sheet:
Of late indeed the Paper-*Stamp*
Did very much his Genius cramp;
And, ſince he could not ſpend his Fire,
He now intended to Retire.

Said *HARLET*, I deſire to know
From his own Mouth, if this be ſo?
Step to the Doctor ſtraight, and ſay,
I'd have him Dine with me to Day.
Swift ſeem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor wou'd believe MY LORD had ſent;
So never offer'd once to ſtir,
But coldly ſaid, *Your Servant, Sir.*
Does he refuſe me? *HARLET* cry'd:
He does, with Inſolence and Pride.

(7) Scitari libet ex ipſo quæcunque refers: dic
Ad cœnam veniat. Non ſanè credere Mena:
Mirari ſecum tacitus: ——— (14) benignè
Reſpondet. (15) Negat ille mihi? (16) Negat improbus, & te
Negligit, aut horret.

Some

Some few Days after *HARLEY* ſpies
The Doctor faſten'd by the Eyes,
At *Charing-Croſs*, among the Rout,
Where painted Monſters are hung out.
He pull'd the String, and ſtopt his Coach,
Beck'ning the Doctor to approach.
Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came ſneaking to the Chariot-ſide,
And offer'd many a lame Excuſe;
He never meant the leaſt Abuſe —
My Lord — The Honour you deſign'd —
Extremely proud — but I had din'd —
I'm ſure I never ſhou'd neglect —
No Man alive has more Reſpect —
Well, I ſhall think of that no more,
If you'll be ſure to come at *Four*.

(1) Vulcaniâ mane Philippus
Vilia vendentem tunicato ſcruta popello
Occupat, & ſalvere jubet prior ——
(9) ille Philippo
Excuſare laborem ——
(15) Sic ignoviſſe putato
Me ſibi, ſi cunas hodie mecum. Ut libet. Ergo
Poſt nonam venies ——

The

The Doctor now obeys the Summons,
Likes both his Company and Commons;
Diſplays his Talent, ſits till Ten,
Next Day invited, comes agen;
Soon grows Domeſtick, ſeldom fails
Either at Morning, or at Meals;
Came early, and departed late;
In ſhort, the Gudgeon took the Bait;
MY LORD wou'd carry on the Jeſt,
And down to *Windſor* takes his Gueſt.
Swift much admires the Place and Air,
And longs to be a *Canon* there,
In Summer round the Park to ride,
In Winter —- never to reſide.

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(1) Ut ventum ad cœnam eſt, dicendi, recenda locutus,
Tandem dormitum dimittitur. Hîc ubi ſæpe
Occultum viſus decurrere piſcis ad hamum,
Mane cliens & jam certus conviva ———

Rura ſuburbana indictis comes ire Latinis,
Impoſitus mannis, arvum cœlumque Sabinum
Non ceſſat laudare.

A *Canon!* that's a Place too mean:
No, Doctor, you ſhall be a *Dean*;
Two Dozen *Canons* round your Stall,
And you the Tyrant o'er them all:
You need but croſs the *Iriſh* Seas,
To live in Plenty, Power and Eaſe.

Poor S——t departs, and, what is worſe,
With borrow'd Money in his Purſe;
Travels at leaſt a Hundred Leagues,
And ſuffers numberleſs Fatigues.

Suppoſe him, now, a *Dean* compleat,
Devoutly lolling in his Seat;
The Silver Virge, with decent Pride,
Stuck underneath his Cuſhion-ſide:
Suppoſe him gone through all Vexations,
Patents, Inſtalments, Abjurations,
Firſt-Fruits and Tenths, and Chapter-Treats,
Dues, Payments, Fees, Demands and Cheats,

——— (1) Videt, ridetque Philippus.

(The wicked Laity's contriving,
To hinder Clergymen from thriving);
Now all the Doctor's Money's ſpent,
His Tenants wrong him in his Rent;
The Farmers, ſpightfully combin'd,
Force him to take his Tythes in kind;
And † *Parviſol* diſcounts Arrears,
By Bills for Taxes and Repairs.

† *The Dean's Agent, a Frenchman.*

Poor S—t, with all his Loſſes vext,
Not knowing where to turn him next;
Above a Thouſand Pounds in Debt,
Takes Horſe, and in a mighty Fret
Rides Day and Night at ſuch a Rate,
He ſoon arrives at *HARLEY's* Gate;
But was ſo dirty, pale and thin,
Old *Read* would hardly let him in.

(3) oves Furto, morbo periere capellæ,
Spem mentita ſeges, boſ oſ cæſtus arando.
(9) Offenſus damnis, mediâ de nocte caballum
Arripit, intuſque Philippi tendit ad ædes.

Said

Said *HARLEY*, Welcome Rev'rend Dean!
What makes your Worſhip look ſo lean?
Why ſure you won't appear in Town,
In that old Wig and ruſty Gown!

I doubt your Heart is ſet on Pelf,
So much, that you neglect your Self.
What! I ſuppoſe now Stocks are high,
You've ſome good Purchaſe in your Eye;
Or is your Money out at uſe?——

Truce, good MY LORD, I beg a Truce!
The Doctor in a Paſſion cry'd;
Your Raillery is miſapply'd:
I have Experience dearly bought,
You know I am not worth a Groat:

(1) Quem ſimul aſpexit ſcabrum intonſumque Philippus;
Durus, ait, Vultei, nimis, attentuſque videris
Eſſe mihi.
(10) Pol, me miſerum, patrone, vocares,
Si velles, inquit, verum mihi ponere nomen.

But you resolv'd to have your Jest,
And 'twas a Folly to Contest;
Then since you now have done your worst,
Pray leave me where you found me first.

(3) Quod te per Genium, dextramque, Deosque Penates
Obsecro & obtestor, vitæ me redde priori.

FINIS.